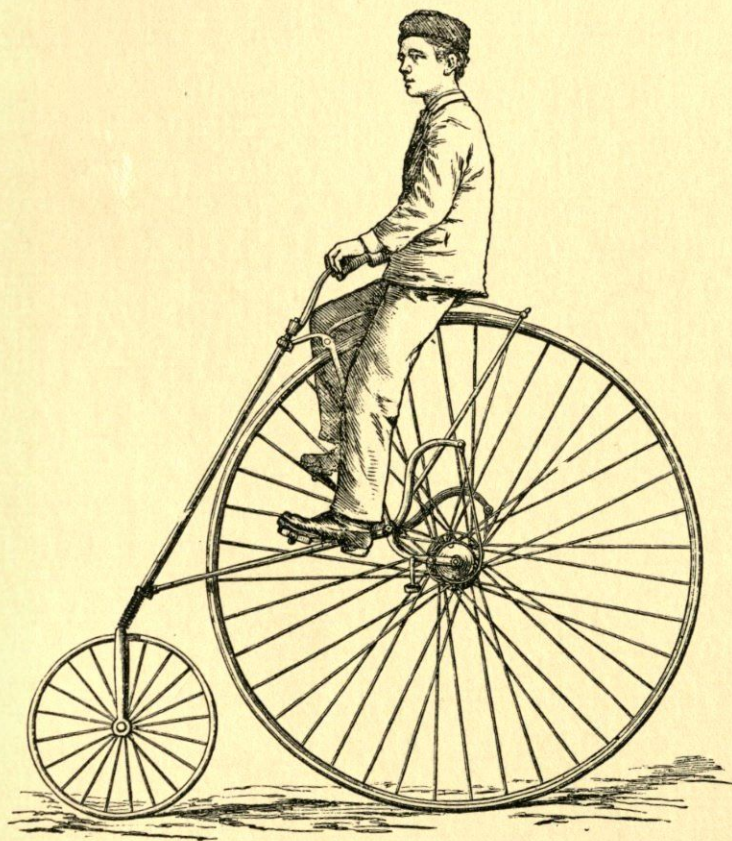
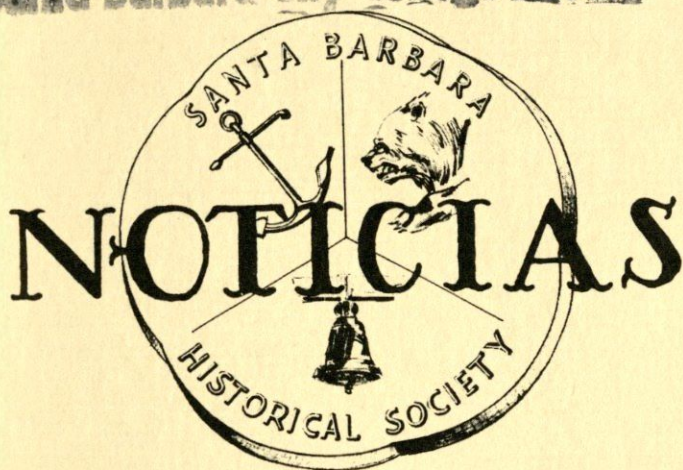


QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

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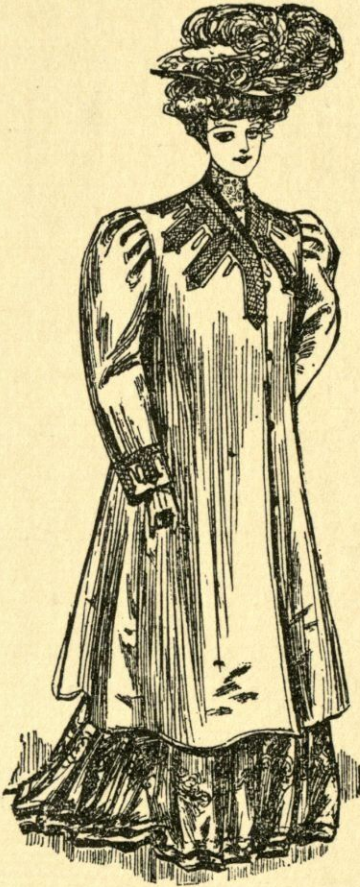
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Santa Barbara, Calif. 931██

Santa Barbara City College Library



Black Broadcloth Coats, \$11.75

Satin Lined and Interlined



WE HAVE no hesitation in calling this offer the best we have made this season in garments of this much-wanted class. It is a coat that we feel safe in calling "an \$18 value," even at this time, when prolonged warm weather has upset the usual standards of value in outer-garments.

The cloth is a very fine quality of black broadcloth—the firm, lustrous, never-wear-out quality that is seldom seen in garments priced under \$18 to \$20. There is a lining of high-grade satin—either black or gray—and the coat is interlined for warmth. Fifty inches long.

Collarless outline and cuffs are effectively trimmed with silk braid. A perfectly cut, perfectly-finished garment.

Also, Coats of Black English Kersey lined throughout with black satin. Fifty inches long, trimmed at neck and on cuffs with scrolls of Hercules braid and black velvet. Either of these handsome **\$11.75** coats to-morrow, at...

(Siegel Cooper Store, Second Floor, Centre.)

ADS REVEAL STYLES AS WELL AS PRICES

The date was January 9, 1907.

The store was Siegel Cooper Co., New York.

NOSTALGIA

FOREWORD

What we have attempted to do in this issue of NOTICIAS has been to open a window, albeit ever so briefly, for our readers to look back upon days gone by — days remembered by some — but more likely days read about or heard about from relatives and friends, enjoying by proxy some of the pleasures we oldsters enjoy just by the process of growing older.

Some of our collected items will be more keenly enjoyed by our older readers; some by the younger ones; but we hope we have provided some pleasant moments for everyone regardless of the number of years lived.

What follows is a sort of salmagundi concocted from scrap books, old magazines, pictures, postal cards and newspapers, but mostly from memory.
—Ed.

Nostalgia is a word that has taken the nation by storm in the 1970's. This is a psychological phenomenon resulting from a generation beset by anxiety and fear following a succession of international tensions and economic uncertainties and the frustrations resulting from them. An inevitable post-war neurosis manifested itself in an escalation of crime in the streets and against peaceful citizens more aggressive and inexplicable than anything experienced in a century.

WE SEEK ESCAPE FROM REALITY

Just as in the Great Depression people turned to the cinema for escape from reality, stimulating the motion picture industry to its peak in profits and volume and filling theatres to capacity day and night in almost every neighborhood, so today people are seeking surcease from their frustrations and confusion by looking backward into what they see as a calmer and less paranoic world.

Nostalgia has always been a popular pastime and this has accounted for such books as Patridge and Bettman's popular "As We Were, Family Life in America 1850-1900", and Hewett's "Those Were the Days". Since then there has been a veritable plethora of nostalgic books, not least of which was Sears & Roebuck's turn-of-the-century catalog, and all contributing to a rich Americana.

Nostalgia is relative, for what one reader seeks and reacts to with delight depends upon his age, his experience, and his tastes. My keenest memories are of the early decades of this century. My son's are of the

Thirties! my grandson's, of the Fifties. Everybody loves to hear and read about days gone by, and the more relevant to our own experiences they are, the more we respond to them pleasurably.

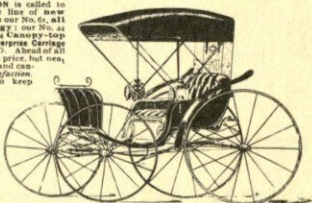
All this boils down to a matter of meaning. There is a heap of meaning to me when someone mentions "Coney Island". There is little or no recognition when my grandson hears that name. But let someone say "Disneyland" and there is an immediate and enthusiastic reaction on his part.

CARRIAGES

Old Spanish Days in Santa Barbara, which stages the annual Fiesta in August, has recently built a Carriage Museum in Pershing Park. Its purpose is to place on exhibition examples of some of the horse drawn vehicles which have been displayed through the years in the yearly historical parade. Most of us have almost forgotten what these carriages and surreys looked like. Here are some ads from the 1900's. If you are contemporary with your editor, these pictures will quicken your blood.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the very attractive line of new vehicles offered in our No. 6, all leather top buggy; our No. 44 Phaeton, and our No. 24 Canopy-top surrey, made by the Enterprise Carriage Mfg. Co., of Mansfield, O. Ahead of all competitors, being low in price, but not in finish and appearance, and cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. We hereby propose to keep ahead in the march of improvement, and to give best value for the money.

Write us. All inquiries cheerfully answered. Address:
MATHEWS IMPLEMENT CO.,
120, 122 and 124
S. LOS ANGELES ST.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



HAWLEY, KING & CO. FINE CARRIAGES AND BICYCLES



210 NORTH MAIN STREET

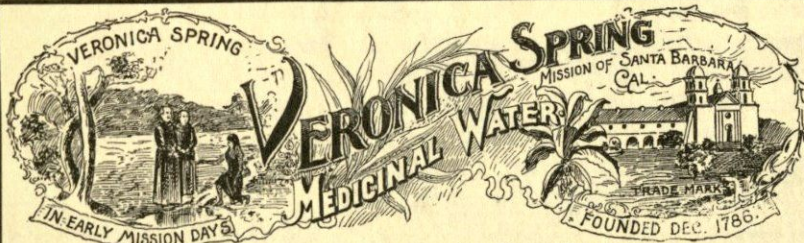
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

And here is a shot of Fifth Avenue, New York, taken about 1901 on Easter Sunday. Note the high silk hats, the handsome cabs and the open carriages. A second look will reveal ladies with leg-o-mutton sleeves and bustles.



VERONICA SPRINGS

Every day hundreds of local residents drive over Las Positas Road to get to Arroyo Burro Beach or to Hope Ranch, but few, perhaps, are aware of the one-time fame of Veronica Springs and its widely advertised mineral waters. This 11-acre tract, known for its beneficial waters lies just to the west and a little below Las Positas. Here is an ad that appeared in "Santa Barbara", a magazine published for a few years shortly after the turn of the century by the Chamber of Commerce. This came from the November, 1906 issue dedicated to Lemons which were one of the major crops of the period.



An Absolute Specific for Constipation.

For Sale by All Druggists throughout the United States.

A
Santa
Barbara
County
Product

WILL CURE:
Constipation
Dyspepsia
Rheumatism
Liver and Kidney Troubles

THE OLD MISSION, SANTA BARBARA, CAL., NOV. 15, 1898.

For the benefit of suffering humanity, I wish to testify to the fact that VERONICA WATER is really obtained from the VERONICA Mineral Springs, near Santa Barbara, and that the water has been used with very beneficial effects at the Old Mission.

I have recommended the VERONICA WATER to friends and strangers, and all have had only words of praise and gratitude in respect to its salutary influence.

REV. PETER WALLISCHECK, O. F. M.,
 THE OLD MISSION.

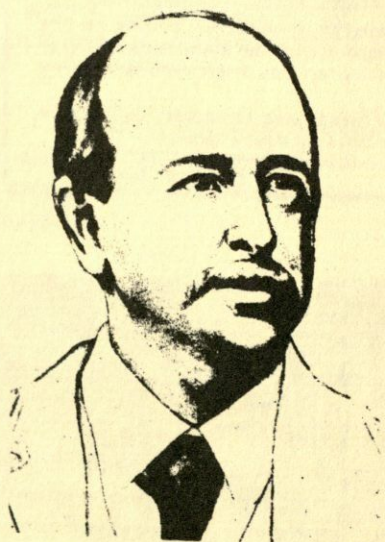
HORATIO ALGER

This name was on the lips of almost every growing boy for more than a century. It was the name of an author who was born at Revere, Mass. January 13, 1834 and graduated from Harvard in 1852. He became a Unitarian minister but in 1866 went to New York and lived at a poor boys' home to call attention to the plight of youngsters who were forgotten and underprivileged. He mingled with the boys, gained their confidence, showed a personal concern for their affairs and stimulated them to honest and useful

living. In the pursuit of his charitable work he began writing books about and for the boys, eventually ending up as America's most popular boy's author. What man who lived as a boy through the turn of the century does not remember one or more of the books listed below? Every one of Alger's books was "pure in tone and inspiring in influence" to quote a contemporary. Alger won the hearts of the boys he knew, but also of two generations of boys who knew him through his more than seventy novels. Alger was short, bald-headed and in manner, whimsical and extremely cordial. He died at Natick, Mass., July 18, 1899.

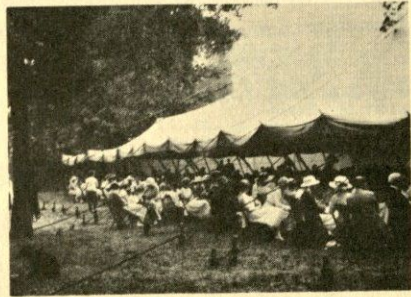
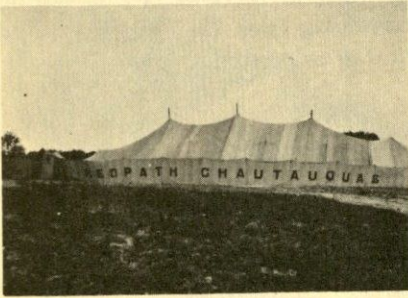
Bound to Rise
 Paul the Peddler
 Strive and Succeed
 Herbert Carter's Legacy
 Jack's Ward
 Shifting for Himself
 Strong and Steady
 Risen from the Ranks
 Wait and Hope
 Slow and Sure
 Tom the Bootblack
 Brave and Bold
 Julius the Street Boy
 Facing the World
 The Cash Boy

Making His Way
 Tony the Tramp
 Joe's Luck
 Do and Dare
 Only an Irish Boy
 Sink or Swim
 A Cousin's Conspiracy
 Hector's Inheritance
 Mark Mason's Triumph
 Sam's Chance
 The Telegraph Boy
 The Young Adventurer
 The Young Outlaw
 The Young Salesman



CHAUTAUQUA DAYS

I can become acutely nostalgic about the old Chautauqua days. This was a time when entertainers, lecturers, symphonies, and even operatic and dramatic companies toured the country, doing from forty to sixty or more "one night stands" appearing each night at a different Chautauqua in tents set up in small towns and providing seven full days of culture, education and fun for the people of the countryside for a fixed advance fee averaging fifty cents a performance. My days on Chautauqua were in the early twenties, but they still loom large and important to me as I recall our experiences "on the road". Here are a couple of snapshots I made of our "Readpath-Harrison 7-Day De Luxe Chautauqua" tents.



SILENT MOVIES

One phase of our lives when we were young was the weekly silent movie show. Here are reproductions of some slides that were flashed on the screen between pictures. Remember them?





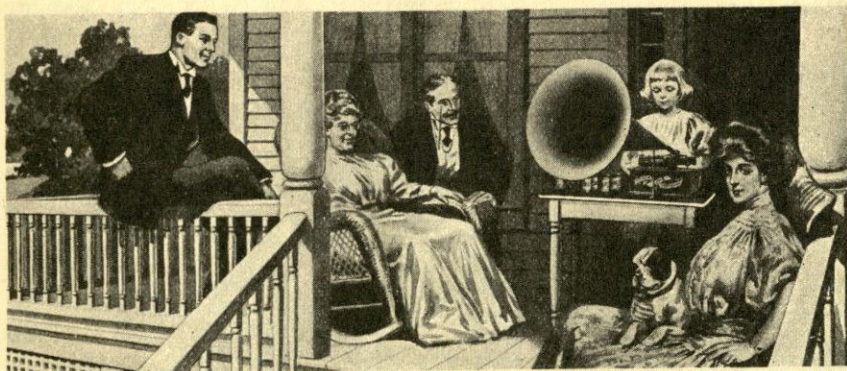
The Fine Arts Palace (only building remaining from the Fair) at the extreme left. Tower of Jewels backed by fan of colored searchlights in center. Festival Hall, dome to the right.

FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO

A portrait of Edwin Markham, famous California poet, hangs on my library wall as a memento of a pleasant friendship that enriched my growing-up days. When I came across a photograph of the 1915 World's Fair in San Francisco, taken on the last night before the lights went out, I recalled Edwin Markham's comments about the fair when he was invited to a preview of that great exposition the night before the official opening. This is what he said: "I have tonight seen the greatest revelation of beauty that was ever seen on this earth . . . I have seen beauty that will give the world new standards of art, and a joy in loveliness never before reached. That is what I have seen." And so, let's share our picture with our readers. If you were one of those who attended the fair 57 years ago, this picture will warm the cockles of your heart and bring back happy memories. If you were not there, this is our testimony that after seeing several fairs since, we still agree with Edwin Markham.

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Who doesn't remember his first Edison phonograph with the pleasant smelling wax cylinder records? This picture from a magazine more than half a century ago brings back delightful memories of a time when families loved to share their pleasures with their relatives and neighbors. We did that with our first automobile, remember? And the advertisement is interesting because it mentions the price of "The Edison Concert Phonograph" at \$125. That was a lot of money at the turn of the century, wasn't it?



The Edison Concert Phonograph

Mr. Edison has perfected the Phonograph.
This is the instrument.

It perfectly reproduces the human voice
—JUST AS LOUD—just as clear—just as
sweet.

It duplicates instrumental music with
pure-toned brilliance and satisfying
intensity. Used with Edison Concert Re-
cords, its reproduction is free from all
mechanical noises. Only the music or the
voice is heard. It is strong and vibrant
enough to fill the largest auditorium. It
is smooth and broad enough for the parlor.

The highest type of talking machine
ever before produced bears no comparison
with the Edison Concert Phonograph.
The price is \$125. Full particulars can
be obtained from all dealers in Phonog-
raphs, or by addressing THE NATIONAL
PHONOGRAPH CO., New York, asking for
Concert Catalogue No. 109.

Six other styles of Phonographs, in-
cluding the Edison Gem, price \$7.50.
PETER BACIGALUPI, 933 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal., Pacific Coast
Agency for National Phonograph Co.,
New York.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS

TRADE
Thomas A Edison
MARK

AN ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN, (Model of Anno 1751.)
\$3. Violin Case, \$3. Snakewood Bow, and 600 Pieces Choice Selected Music.
(Sent C. O. D. with Privilege of Examination.)

ONLY \$10.00

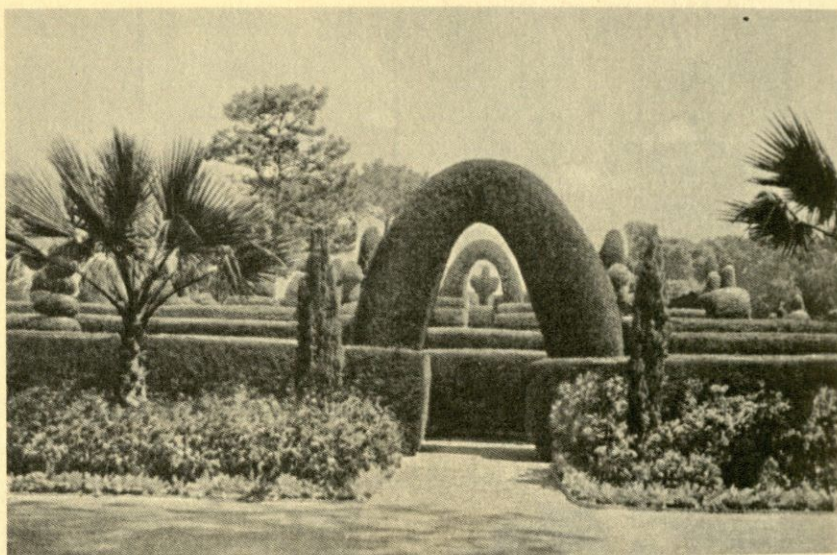
I have in stock a
few VERY choice
Violins of the above
make that I think
have had the mis-
fortune—owing to a
brainless Violin dea-
ler, to have been
“modernized”
namely, repolished.
The renovation has

made them, without any exception, the most beau-

tiful Violins we ever saw. These Violins have always been famous for their artistic model and graceful outlines
and as the repolishing has served to bring out all the rich elegance of the wood, shadings from almost black to a rich chest-
nut hue, words are inadequate to describe the Masterpiece of Art they present. The Bow was designed expressly
for this offer, is 29 inches long, of Snakewood which is noted for beauty and strength. The wood is a dark chestnut,
mottled with irregular spots of black, making a rich contrast to its Silver Bullion windings. White Ivory
Frog inlaid with Mother of Pearl, and German Silver trimmings, which makes it a perfect Soloist's
Bow. The cut of the \$3.00 Wooden Violin Case is from a Photograph, showing the case exactly as
it is. Remember I send C. O. D. with privilege of examination, so you can see just what you are buying.
Send stamp for beautifully illustrated 20 page Catalogue of Foreign Musical Instruments.

ADDRESS, CHARLES W. STORV, 26 CENTRAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

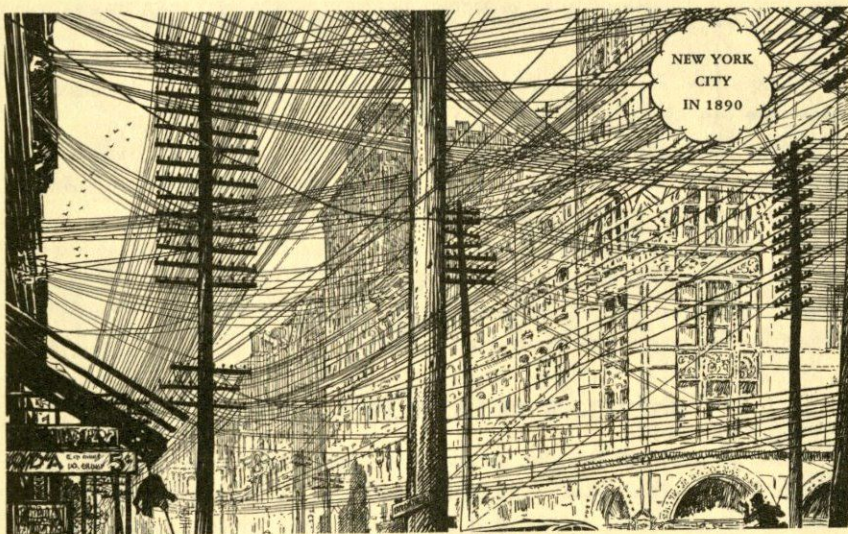
“Truth(?) in Advertising” circa 1895



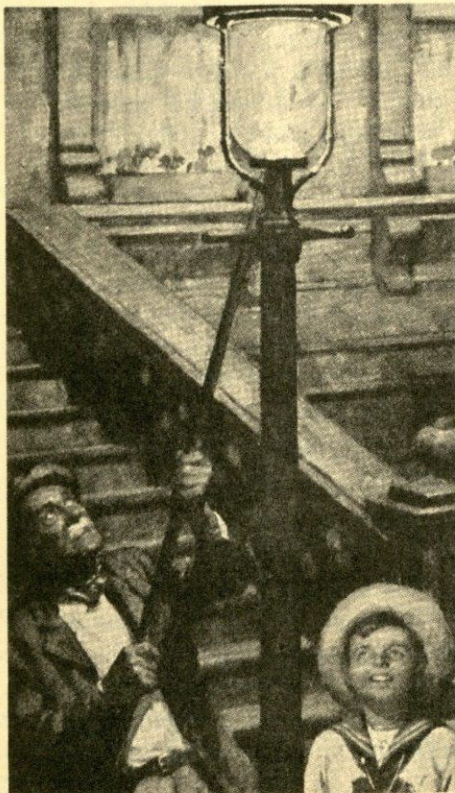
THE MAZE

There must be some of our readers who remember the maze in the front of the old Del Monte Hotel back in the 'teen years. If so, were you perhaps lost in that cypress maze and almost despaired of getting out? The maze was an exact copy of one in an old English estate and was said to be the best designed and most beautiful in America. This writer was "lost" in it for well over half an hour and that wasn't funny.





This was "progress" in 1890!



THE LAMP LIGHTER

You've got to be at least as old as your editor to remember the next picture. We haven't the faintest idea who painted it, but it has been in our collection of "The End of an Era" for a long time. It awakens warm and exciting memories of our boyhood. How about you?

BICYCLES HAVE COME A LONG WAY

There are 75,000,000 bicycles in America today! Five thousand of them are on the campus of U.C.S.B. and 20,000 of them in Santa Barbara. They are being sold across the country at the rate of 8,000,000 annually. More than 100 cities have already passed ordinances relating to the use and safety of the bicycle. The United States Congress has passed legislation recognizing the bicycle as an important factor in the ecology of the 1970's. Santa Barbara is one of a score of California cities which has established bike lanes for the exclusive use of bicycle owners. Today we are seeing the biggest boom of its kind in history.

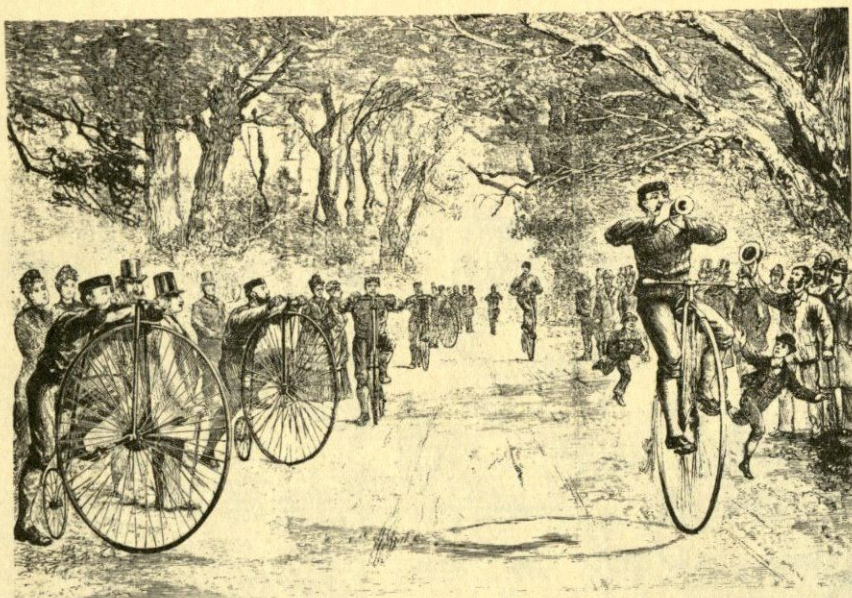
POPULAR IN LATE 19TH CENTURY

One of the most popular sports in the late 19th century was bicycling, this in spite of the almost complete absence of paved roads except in the cities. And when one recalls that until the 1870's bicycling was a daring and risky pastime on the "high wheel", with the rider perched some five feet above the pavement on an awkward and top-heavy machine, it is easy to imagine the excitement and popular appeal of the "safety bicycle", prototype of the machine we know today. This was introduced into America from England in 1870, and it very quickly took the younger generation by storm. A quarter of a century later there were nearly a million of the new safety bikes on the streets and roads of the United States.

By 1880 bicycle touring clubs had been organized in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and many other cities. Special costumes for bicycling appeared in the stores, songs glamourising the bicycle were sung and the bicycle became the brunt of jokes on the vaudeville stage. There were many different kinds of bicycles invented, built and used until the turn of the century, when the design stabilized as we know it today. Tandems (for from two to as many as ten riders) became popular, and for beginners and older folks, there was the "velocipede," the three-wheeler, sometimes with the steering wheel in front and sometimes in the rear.

BICYCLE HAD ITS DETRACTORS

The bicycle, like the automobile, had its detractors. Clergymen claimed that it was emptying the churches as people went for rides on Sunday mornings instead of attending church. Residents complained that bicycle riders frightened their horses and endangered their families. The farmers complained that hordes of bicyclers rode out into the country and pilfered their fruit trees. Nervous people complained that their nerves were shattered by the chorus of bicycle bells.



It became popular for bicycle parties to attend progressive dinners, stopping at one house for soup, another for fish, and so on through the entire menu. There were bicycle weddings in which entire parties, including the clergyman, wore knickers and other appropriate attire and the happy couple peddled off on their honeymoon to the tune of "*Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do. I'm half crazy all for the love of you. It won't be a stylish marriage, for we can't afford a carriage, but you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.*"

In many areas, the railroads were forced to attach special baggage cars just for bicycles of city people wishing to tour the countryside or some distant resort area.

CYCLISTS DEMANDED BETTER ROADS

The peak of the bicycle boom was around the turn of the century. Cyclists became so numerous and recognized as such an important segment of the population that both Congress and local governments responded to their demands for improved roads. The League of American Wheelmen began the fight for better roads. This in turn helped the development of the automobile. The bicycle also contributed many other things to the popularity of the automobile: the pneumatic tire, ball bearings and axles, free-wheeling and knee action, speed transmission, shaft drive, differential steering and steel tubing and brakes. Many of the early auto manufacturers including Henry Ford and Glenn Olds, started as bicycle makers or repairmen.



4th of July 1895, Burton Mound, Santa

By 1930 interest had waned and bicycles had reached a low of 260,000 annually. Then came the Depression during which little manufacturing was done in any field. This was followed by World War II and the rationing of gasoline, and the bicycle again became popular as a means of transportation.



h of July 1895, Burton Mound, Santa Barbara

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ECOLOGY SPARKS REVIVAL

Since the War, the rapid encroachment of smog into our atmosphere principally due to the automobile and the manufacture of its fuel, has forced even the most reluctant observers to turn to less polluting means of moving about. The bicycle has been the answer, and though in the be-

ginning it was the practical aspect of it that spurred people to adopt it, it has now become both a health fad and a major form of recreation.

But proliferation of the bicycle has also become a problem for authorities everywhere. Every year from 800 to 1000 bike riders are killed on the streets and highways of America. This poses a big problem as we foresee an even greater expansion of the use of the "wheel". Safety committees and local governments everywhere are trying to cope with this and other problems. Theft of bicycles is one of the biggest of these headaches. Thousands of bicycles are stolen annually and few of them are found and returned to their owners. Police departments are increasingly concerned about this form of crime and one answer has been to register bicycles and to license them with numbers kept in a central file like automobiles.

To handle the burgeoning volume of bicycle traffic, some cities are providing downtown parking lots solely for the storage of bikes while their owners are at work. Chicago has established a parking fee approximately one-fourth that of an automobile.

Last year the Congress was asked for an appropriation to build bicycle racks around the Capitol where it is estimated that at least 400 government employees in the Capitol expect to ride to and from work.

HISTORICALLY SPEAKING

A device in 1819 was invented which was called a pedestrian curricule. This was a machine that required a person sitting astride a bar between two wheels to walk to gain locomotion. It was also called a hobby horse. It never gained much popularity, but it was the forerunner of the modern bicycle.

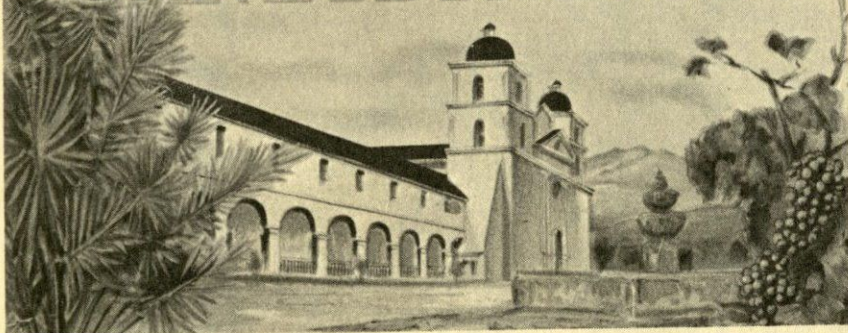
In 1865 in France there was patented a machine called the velocipede, consisting of three wheels, a larger one in front and two smaller ones in back, with a crank on the front axle. Then came the "bone shaker" with wooden wheels and iron rims. The front wheel became larger and larger until it had attained a height of 64 inches. The rear wheel was quite small and it was something of an athletic feat for anyone to mount this high bike. The center of gravity was directly over the axle and frequent five-foot spills were inevitable. The high wheel was introduced into the United States the year the trans-continental railroad was completed, 1869. It was "modernized" with India rubber tires.

Then came the safety bicycle and approximately the type of wheel which exists today.

As early as 1870 speedways for bicycles were built in Philadelphia at Fairmont Park, in San Francisco in Golden Gate Park, and in Central Park

PRICE 10 CENTS A COPY.

SANTA BARBARA



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE MAGAZINE

The Chamber of Commerce which is celebrating its centennial this year, has been tourist conscious from its founding in 1872 as *The Immigration Bureau*. At the turn of the century the Chamber issued an attractive monthly magazine which was widely circulated and sold for 10 cents a copy.

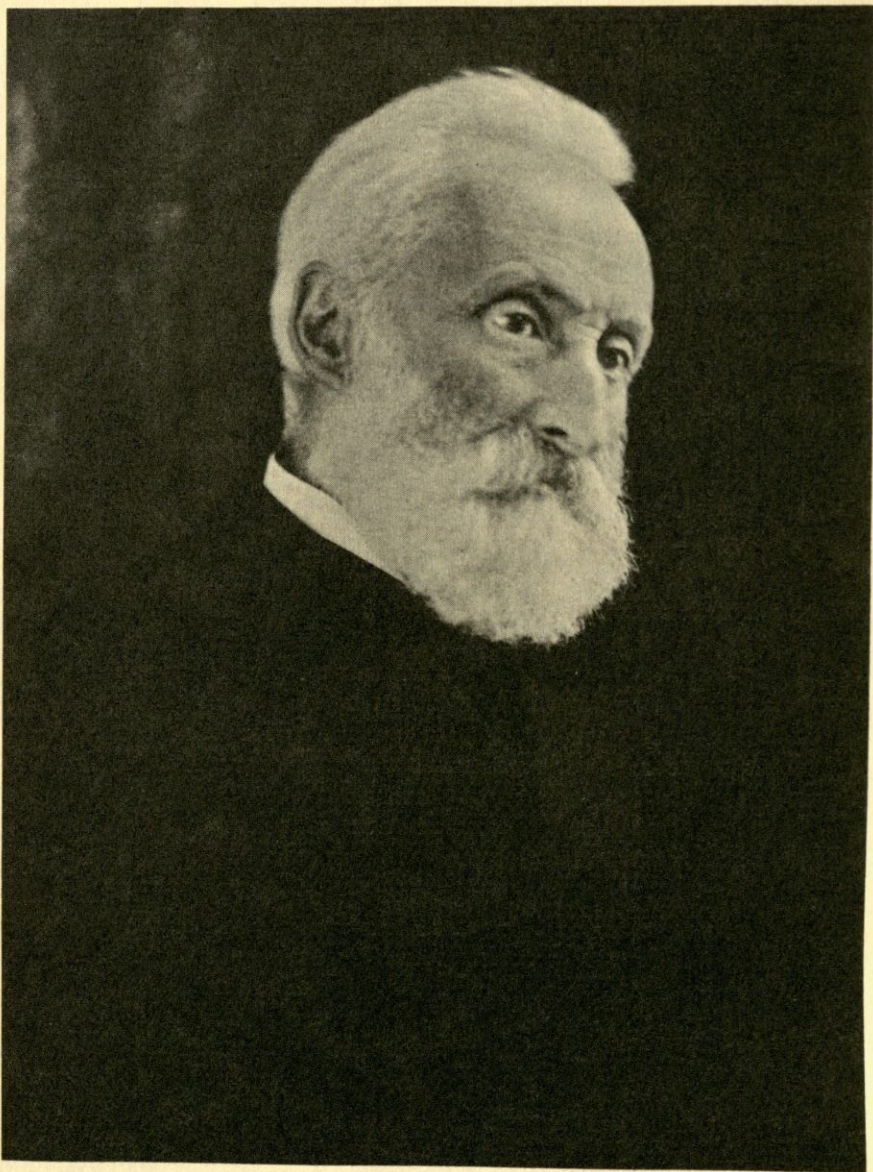
in New York. A fifteen foot high elevated "freeway" for wheels was projected between Pasadena and Los Angeles, a distance of nine miles, but its promoters ran out of money when it was finished as far as South Pasadena. It was extremely popular and there were rest stops and concession stands at intervals en route.

So popular was bicycling in the 1890's that many noted personages lent their influence to perpetuate its success. Lillian Russell pedalled her gold plated bicycle down Broadway and it is on record that she stopped traffic and captured the newspaper headlines.

Many people, old and young, joined together in riding tours and picnics here in Santa Barbara in the Nineties, and the photograph reproduced here, the gift of Victor R. Rohrbach, was probably taken on the Fourth of July, 1895.

In the beautiful Flower Festival of that year there was an entire division of flower-bedecked bicycles, many of which won prizes for their elegance.

Thus, the present day bicycle boom is really nothing new. But it looks as if the bicycle had come to stay, at least for a while.



By W. Edwin Gledhill, 1911

FRANCISCO FRANCESCHI

Santa Barbara was not always the lush, verdant garden spot it is today. When Richard Henry Dana stepped ashore from the brig *Pilgrim* 137 years ago, he found the area "bare and treeless". Even a century ago when Charles Nordhoff wrote so enthusiastically about Santa Barbara as an ideal place to visit and to settle, there were few trees to obstruct the view of the ocean from almost any location in town. Dr. David Fairchild, author of "The World was my Garden", who visited here in 1898, recalled the bare roads and the rocky, treeless hills we now call "the Riviera".

In 1893 "a small, long-nosed bright-eyed Italian" named Dr. Francisco Franceschi arrived here from his native land and in the course of a few years helped to convert Santa Barbara into one of the noted garden spots of the nation.

TRAINED AS A LAWYER

Educated as a lawyer, Franceschi devoted his time to growing things until he inherited a bank from his grandfather. He established nurseries in Rome and Florence, introducing exotic trees and plants, including bamboo into Italy. When his bank was forced to close, he seized the opportunity to do the things he had always dreamed of doing and decided to migrate to America.

Knowing of Santa Barbara's unique geographical and climatological situation beside the sea with protective islands offshore and lofty mountains nearby, Franceschi chose this area for the place he planned to do his experimenting with flora, dreaming of making his new home "the Riviera of the West".

Franceschi was a proficient linguist and spoke and wrote six languages.

With numerous professional contacts throughout the world made by correspondence when he operated his nurseries in Italy, he presently became the recipient of all kinds of seeds from all the continents on earth. With meticulous labor and utmost patience, he watched his seedlings germinate and slowly adapt themselves to their new and sometimes strange environment.

Franceschi was credited with the importation of more than 900 species, varieties and horticultural forms into Santa Barbara and thus into California. F. W. Popenoe, a prominent horticulturist of the period said that his introductions were more numerous than those of any other man in the United States.

ACQUIRES ACREAGE ON MISSION RIDGE

A decade after Franceschi came to Santa Barbara he acquired forty acres of land on Mission Ridge, then a barren hilltop overlooking the city, but not yet a part of it. He built a house near the top of the hill and began planting trees and shrubs, many of which may be enjoyed today by picnickers in "Franceschi Park". He called his property Montarioso Nursery.

To help finance his continued importations of seeds and plants, he worked as a landscape gardener and maintenance man for several of the large Montecito estates. He remained at Montarioso until 1913 when he was offered a government position in the Italian African colony of Libya. One of his two sons, Cammillo, remained here, operating the nursery at the original location until its discontinuance in 1918. Mrs. Franco Fenzi, widow of his other son and his granddaughter Ernestina returned from Italy to Santa Barbara in 1966.

In Africa Dr. Franceschi continued in his life occupation, writing numerous articles which were published in many languages throughout the world. He died in Tripoli on November 5, 1924 at the age of 81.

INTRODUCED HUNDREDS OF SPECIES

Forty-four of the literally hundreds of new species of plant life which Dr. Franceschi introduced into Santa Barbara are listed in a leaflet published in 1945 by the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden in a brief essay by John M. Tucker.

Dr. Franceschi's real name was Emanuele Orazio Fenzi. He was born on March 12, 1843 in Florence, Italy. "From a strong feeling of family pride", comments Mr. Tucker, "he dropped his surname, Fenzi, lest the stigma of his bank failure follow him to America". His daughter-in-law, Dorothy Redfield Fenzi, was the widow of Cammillo Fenzi and was the well-known and popular manager of the Lobero Theatre here for more than 20 years. She retired in 1967 and died January 1, 1971. She had lived in Santa Barbara for 67 years.

We are grateful to Dr. Katherine Muller, Director of the Botanic Garden for her generous cooperation and the use of the Edwin Gledhill portrait of Dr. Franceschi made in 1911.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOKS

The following are random items from the notebooks of the editor who believes in jotting down what he considers to be of importance for future reference. They cover a variety of subjects and come from readings and conversations, mostly in the field of Californiana.

SCOOP!

The Alta California was run by one of early California's most able newspapermen, Edward C. Kemble. The Presidential campaign of 1857 generated a great deal of excitement and partisanship because John C. Fremont of California was running against James Buchanan of Pennsylvania. Word of the election had to be carried to California by ship. Since there were nine newspapers in San Francisco at the time, Editor Kemble planned to scoop all of his competitors by an ingenious method. He sent a printer-reporter to Acapulco well in advance of the arrival of the news ship from Panama with a case of type, a chase and other equipment for setting up a story in type. As soon as the "Golden Age" arrived in Acapulco, the reporter boarded it and got busy with informants aboard ship, wrote and set a complete story about James Buchanan being the victor over Fremont, and relaxed until the ship was about to head through the Golden Gate. Meantime, Kemble sent another reporter in a small boat out beyond Land's End to meet the "Golden Age." The man on board lowered his chase (a metal frame holding the type) into the small boat and the local reporter rushed to shore with the complete story, ready to put on the waiting press. *The Alta California* had a Special Extra on the street a full half hour before the ship had even dropped anchor in the bay, thus scooping all of Kemble's rivals by a matter of hours.

BEAR FLAG

The original Bear Flag hung for years in the rooms of the Society of Pioneers, a 3-story mansard roof building with a brown stone front on Montgomery Street between Jackson and Pacific. It was consumed in the great fire of 1906.

A FAMOUS CHEF

Oscar of the Waldorf was one of the most famous chefs in America for decades. His name was Oscar Tscherky (rhymes with turkey). In 1929 he was hosted by Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Linnard of Pasadena and Hotel Samar-kand in Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Tscherky visited El Paseo Restaurant and the Biltmore with manager Charles D. Wilson. He also dined in El Mira-

sol, hosted by Manager Henry S. Kinsell; El Encanto with A. K. Bennett; and asked to visit Diehl's Grocery Store (one of the best known and famous stores of its kind in the country).

CONGRESSMAN

The Hon. Julius Kahn was a Congressman from California for 24 years. Re-elected 12 times, only four other Congressmen in 136 years served longer. He was the chief promoter of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915 and as a member of the Committee on Military Affairs helped to father the Selective Service bill in World War I. As a non-commissioned officer, I was enroute home from France in 1919 on the U.S.S. Leviathan and in "sick bay" when Congressman Kahn came through my ward. He was accompanied by his Military Aide, Captain James B. Buchanan, my former commanding officer, another Californian, who introduced us. Defying both army tradition and protocol, Mr. Kahn invited me to share his sumptuous stateroom for the duration of the voyage. As the ranking member of a Congressional Investigating committee concerning the so-called "Argon fiasco", I suppose he could get away with anything he liked. When we docked in New York I wired an interview with him to my paper, the Times-Star in Alameda for which I got a 7-column banner head and a by-line. What a boost professionally for a young newspaperman 53 years ago!

NOISE POLLUTION

"Mas sibo!" was an exclamation often heard around Santa Barbara in the Old Spanish Days. It was a call for more tallow which, when mixed with charcoal, made axel grease for the wooden wheels on wooden axles of the carretas. This was the first attempt to fight noise pollution. It was said one could hear a moving carreta from a distance of half a mile!

CLIMATE

Santa Barbara climate was praised by B. E. Lloyd in 1875 in his outstanding book "Lights and Shades in San Francisco". "Those who cannot endure the winds of San Francisco must go south to the balmy atmosphere of Santa Barbara".

FIRST GOLD

Gold was first discovered in California in Los Angeles County by Francisco Lopez in 1841. But there were no news media then available, nor the habit or desire to spread the news.

NEWS TRAVELED SLOWLY

The proclamation of Commodore Stockton concerning the occupation of California by the American forces was published in Los Angeles, August 17, 1846. The Californian in San Francisco printed a "Special Extra" on September 5th with the proclamation. Thus it took 18 days for the news to travel 500 miles!

PUEBLO VIEJO

To help preserve much of Santa Barbara's heritage in the form of old adobes and other landmarks in the downtown area, the City Council, on March 8, 1960, adopted an ordinance designating an area bounded by State, Ortega, Laguna and Figueroa streets, and designed to preserve historic old adobes and to control the architectural development of new construction. This measure was largely the result of long and intensive effort on the part of the then Director of the Santa Barbara Historical Society Museum, W. Edwin Gledhill. The salutary results of this ordinance are being realized almost every day in Santa Barbara and are being eyed with envy by many other cities with historic backgrounds.

CHILD ESTATE

Mrs. John Howard Child, gave her 17 acre estate "Vegamar" valued at \$100,000 to the City in 1947. Today it is the beautiful "Child's Estate", zoo and recreation park created and maintained by the "Jaycees" with its animals, birds, reptiles, seals, and minature railroad.

COMMUNICATION

We have made some progress since the days when the picture on page 9 spelled progress to the people of that time. If you are old enough you will remember the hum in those telegraph poles and how the wind chimed through the wires! Remember how we pressed our ears against the pole to "hear all the messages going through the lines"? Imagination is one of childhood's greatest pleasures.



COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

Better than a horse, because you can ride it more miles in a day than a horse can go, and it eats nothing. Send 3c. stamp for Price-List and 24-page Illustrated Catalogue with full information.

THE POPE MFG CO.,
83 Summer St., Boston, Mass.



1910

SPIRITUALISTS

Summerland was founded in 1888 by W. L. Wilson of Santa Barbara who started it as a Spiritualists colony. The area was subdivided into 25-foot lots and midwest Spiritualists settled and prospered until 1898 when oil was discovered and developed. The first oil was found at depths of from 100 to 500 feet, mostly along the beach. These were the first ocean oil wells anywhere.

LA PURISIMA MISSION

La Purisima Mission once owed \$12,000 to the Mexican government and other authorities and the mission had to raise the money. The padres sent word to all the ranchos to kill cattle for their hides. The hides were worth \$1.50 each and the vaqueros who did the killing were to have half of what they earned by their labors. More than 14,000 cattle were killed in the next few months and the debt was paid off.

LIGHT THE "CANDELAS"

Night illumination in Southern California in the days of the rancheros, especially for outdoor events, was by "candelas". These were made by frying together in a pan over the fire, tallow, salt and cotton rags all mixed together and then cooled and allowed to harden. The hardened mass, with corners of rags sticking up like so many ears, was left in the pans until needed for illumination. The pans were then placed where needed and lighted. If the evening was long and the light began to flicker, more tallow was added and the fire flared up again.

STREET LIGHTS

Santa Barbara Street Lighting. Light poles 40 to 60 feet high supported electric arc lights on State Street at Mason, Montecito, Haley, Ortega, Figueroa, Victoria, Micheltorena streets. There were others at Castillo and Montecito, De la Vina and Micheltorena, Santa Barbara and Micheltorena, Haley and Milpas, and Carrillo and Santa Barbara streets. Eventually there were forty masts in the business section and 60 in the residential sections. In earlier times there was an ordinance requiring each householder to hang a lantern outside his front door for the benefit of pedestrians.

POPULATION

California Population in 1848 (excluding Indians) was 14,000. By 1852 (Gold Rush years) it had increased to nearly a quarter of a million. "Never before in history had man so rapidly overrun so vast an unoccupied country".

LOS ANGELES IN THE '80'S

"The contrast between the civilization of today and the cultural poverty of Southern California 80 and 90 years ago is almost unbelievable. The census return of 1850 listed no newspaper, hospital, college, academy, library, public school or protestant church in Los Angeles County . . ."

Robert G. Cleland (1944)

BUTTERFIELD STAGES

In 1858 the journey from St. Louis to San Francisco was made in 25 days at an average speed of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. They averaged from 127 to 205 miles between stops. Relay stations were about 18 miles apart and wagons were changed every 300 miles. The schedule was 120 miles each 24 hours. The fare was \$200 and they operated for eight years.

GLENDISSARY

Present home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gledhill. Built in 1899 for Cameron Rogers, (1861-1912) former Morning Press publisher, author of "The Rosary" (set to music by Ethelbert Nevin). Architect was Christopher Tornoe, a very versatile man who was also a silversmith, carpenter, cabinet maker and metal worker. Tornoe Road named for him.

NEW MEMBERS

ACTIVE

Mr. Joel Conway
Mrs. Helan Halbach
Mr. J. Ray Lathim
Mr. James A. Main
Mrs. P. J. Pearce
Mrs. M. C. Nicholas
Dr. Carey Stanton

Mrs. Clara V. Stearns
Mr. John Martin Sullivan, Jr.
Mr. Frederick J. Todd
Mrs. Edward Tschupp
Ynez Coit Tyler, M.D.
Mr. George Velliotes
Mr. Francis A. Werthman

SUSTAINING

Dr. Robert Billigmeier
Mrs. Robert F. Clark

Mrs. Emmet Edwards
Mr. R. Peter Jackson
Mrs. Ridgeway R. Wilson

CONTRIBUTING

Mr. Robert C. Lawson

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. Charles Pierce

Mrs. Thomas Lynch

SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OFFICERS

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First Vice-President Mr. Wm. K. Serumgard
Second Vice-President Mrs. Edwin Deuter
Secretary Miss Lillian Fish
Treasurer Mr. Patrick Lloyd-Butler
Museum Director Mrs. Henry Griffiths
Editor of Noticias Courtenay Monsen

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Mrs. Charles Cannon	Mrs. Charles E. Piper
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Mr. Edward Kemble	

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Mr. E. Selden Paulding	Mr. Thomas More Storke*
	Mr. Edwin Gledhill
	<i>Director Emeritus</i>

*Deceased

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Classes of membership: Benefactor, \$5000.00 or more; Life, \$1000.00; Patron, \$500.00; Fellow, \$100.00; Associate, \$50.00; Contributing, \$25.00; Sustaining, \$10.00; Active, \$7.50; Student, \$5.00.

Contributions to the Society are tax exempt.

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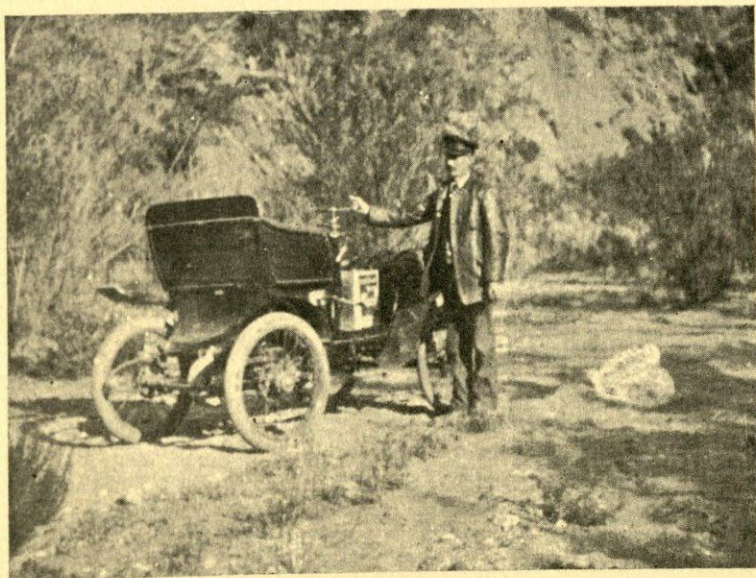
QUARTERLY BULLETIN
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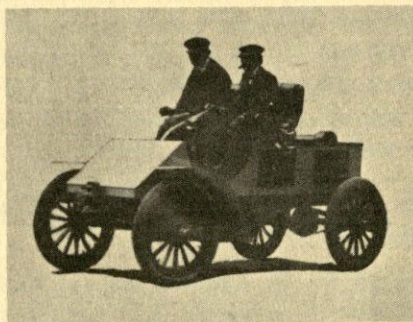


*L. L. Whitman and the first automobile to go over
San Marcos Pass, June 21, 1901*



Selden Car, patented in 1895 was tested in New York in 1908 against two men walking, proving that it could roll as fast as they could run.

The Horseless Carriage



SOME EARLY AUTOMOBILE RECORDS

Compiled and edited by
Henry McLaren Brown

In digging through some old papers I found the souvenir program of a free barbecue held on San Marcos Pass on June 27, 1926. It was sponsored by the automotive businesses of the county to celebrate the new improvements on the road.

Winslow Bushnell was chairman of a county-wide committee numbering more than 300 including many names which are now legendary. Two or three of these men are still living and active in community affairs. Here are a few of the leaders in 1926:

Joseph Sexton, Horace Sexton, T. Wilson Dibblee, Dwight Murphy, T. M. Storke, L. M. Ballard, D. J. McQuiddy, J. J. Hollister, Judge R. B. Canfield, George S. Edwards, R. G. Fernald, A. R. Poett, Hilmar O. Koefod, B. H. Fish, James B. Rickard, Dominic Jordano, C. M. Andera, Jack Parma, Felix Mattei. Charles Pressley and Elmer Awl.

The food for the barbecue, planned for 5000 people, was donated and included 4 sacks of sugar, 2500 heads of lettuce, 2 barrels of salsa, and 1500 loaves of bread.

On the cover of the program was a picture of L. L. Whitman and his car — the first to cross San Marcos Pass. (Reproduced on our cover)

In digging deeper into old papers I found the brochure of a race Whitman made from San Francisco to New York in 1906 setting a new record. He drove a Franklin and the brochure was printed by the Franklin Car Co. with Whitman telling the story.

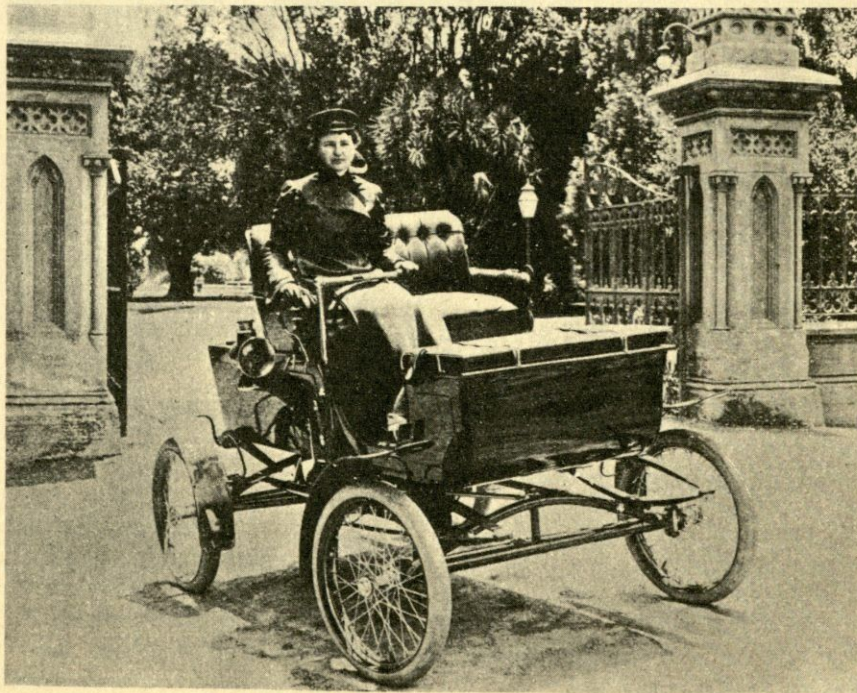
Another brochure of 1910 gave pictures and story of racing from New York to San Francisco in a Reo and setting a new record.

Also in the files of old papers was the Santa Barbara "Daily News" of June 30, 1926. It told how Whitman, on the 25th anniversary of his drive, had been invited to the San Marcos barbecue but had sent a long letter to Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Fish instead. The letter was printed in full. Mrs. Isabel Morton Fish will be remembered as an art teacher at Santa Barbara College on the Riviera. She was a niece of Whitman.

Whitman's home was in Pasadena. I have the Pasadena Star-News of Jan. 23, 1929 giving his obituary.

Being a remote relative by marriage and recalling stories of Uncle Lester's exploits, I decided to outline the high points of his career.

His niece, Mrs. Kitty Foster of Portland, Maine writes: "Whitman was born in Lewiston, Me. July 16, 1861. Graduated from Hebron Academy and moved to Gloucester. There he designed and made the 'Whitman Pung', an open sleigh with an extra seat to be added at will. My son, Lester, found four of these pungs in the loft of the building he made them in. Sometimes clubs borrow them to go on 'straw rides' with one or two horses."



Mrs. Chas. C. Moore — Locomobile — 1902

(1) THE FIRST CAR OVER SAN MARCOS PASS, 1901

From Santa Barbara Daily News, June 30, 1926 (Mr. Whitman speaking)

"They dug up King Tut after 5000 years or so to see what he looked like, but you have dug me up after twenty-five years since I made the first automobile trip over the San Marcos Pass, June 22, 1901. We live in a faster age especially in traveling — that is what you have fixed up this road for. I wish I could take old man Tut for a ride over the pass today. I think he would be pleased with the changes. Still the pass was here when he was with us, probably a path used by animals or human beings. I bet Old Man Tut could have made as quick a spring along the trail when he was twenty-five years old as the 'balloon paint' kids of today.

"The Sequoia trees not so far away stand today 5000 years old. Some roads the Romans built are in use today. How would you like to take a trip over this road 5000 years hence and make a call in Santa Barbara?

De Dion-Bouton Motorette

"The automobile I drove over the road 25 years ago was a small French car. Had a gasoline engine fastened to the rear axle — the engine about as big as those used on motorcycles. Was high speed motor — some 2000 revolutions per minute. The car had a speed up to 35 miles an hour on perfect roads. It was not adapted to rough, hilly roads. The wheel tread was 6 or 10 inches narrower than the standard wagon tread so did not track well in dirt.

"It had only a few inches clearance from the ground. It steered by twisting a crank lever on top of a post sticking up between your knees. It weighed about 700 lbs. It was a pretty nifty car — nickle and cost \$1700. It was built so it stayed put, and was not falling to pieces on the road. The tires were single tube heavy walls and filled with air as was the usual bicycle.

"At that time there were perhaps a dozen cars around Los Angeles, most of them Stanley Steamers. In my town — Pasadena — a Mr. Scoville had a one cylinder Winton. The next year — 1902 — quite a number of American gasoline horseless carriages were in and around Pasadena. These early American cars were very crude. One seldom got over two miles from home without some sort of scrape or breakdown. The Oldsmobile, Winton, Packard, Haynes all came out with heavy, low speed engines driven by chain to rear axle. It was only a copy of the stationary gas engine, and 'chewed its cud' — that is, it said 'chew, chew' about a hundred times a minute, when it was running.

"This French car of but small horse power stood up to its work as it had been on the market several years in France. I don't think that there

was a car owned in Santa Barbara in 1901. The name of the car was 'De Dion-Bouton Motorette.' A friend of mine and myself left Pasadena June 8, 1901 to try a trip to Yosemite with this car. Two days and a half and we made Bakersfield by the help of a few horses and cow-boys. We took pictures with the car among the big trees at Mariposa grove. We went as far as Wawona, only then came back out at Fresno, crossed the San Joaquin valley to Gilroy and came down via San Luis Obispo. Around San Miguel we got stuck in the sand crossing a wide river bed, there did not seem to be many bridges in those days. A farmer pulled us out and we stayed with him overnight. In leaving we asked to pay our bill. He said, 'I tell you, the old woman kept waking me up all night talking about that horseless carriage, if you will just give her a little ride down the road and back I will be more than repaid.' If he caught me stuck in that quicksand today he would probably say, 'Let's see if you have \$25 first.'

"Thus we came to the San Marcos Pass. We stopped the night before at Los Olivos — crossing the Santa Ynez at the ford — there was no bridge and we spent some time in fixing the crossing — packing over the larger stones — the water was not deep, but the bank was steep, so we probably spent an hour in making the ford. We had no trouble over the pass — did not meet a single team. In those days all horses were afraid of automobiles, and often the driver as well, and we would have to get the car out in the ditches — fences, fields or dooryards. We carried an old canvas to cover the machine up sometimes so teams would pass. Getting out and standing up in front of the car between the horses and the car when they passed was a very good way, all depended on the way the horses acted.

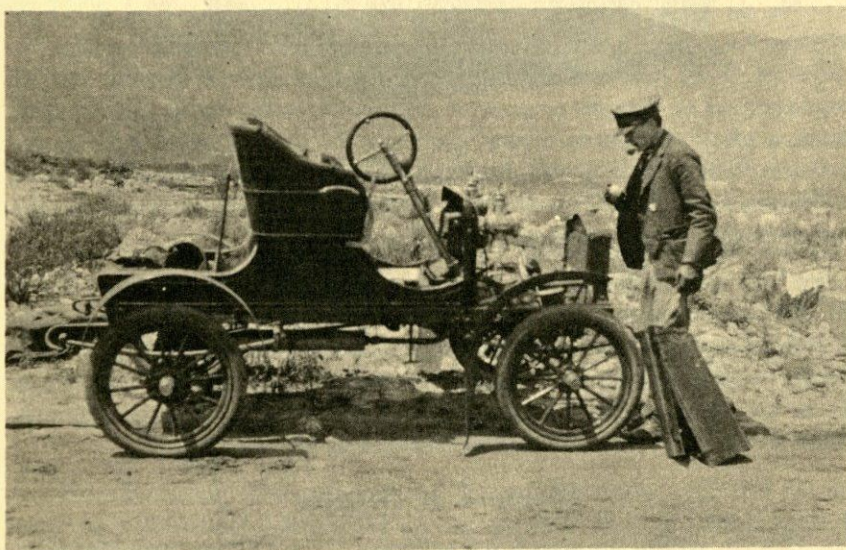
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Of record, also, was what has been called "the first automobile to stir up dust on a Goleta Valley road was a Locomobile Steamer, driven by a George W. Beauhoff of Philadelphia. He and his wife were making a trans-continental tour in 1901. Their very first breakdown after traversing more than 3,000 miles of primitive roads came as they were entering Santa Barbara County, at the dry bed of the Santa Maria River . . . It steamed over the San Marcos stage road and entered the Valley around midnight on March 28, 1901."—*From GOLETA the Good Land, by Walker A. Tompkins.*

(The above came from the late Tom Kinevan of San Marcos Pass and Horace A. Sexton, pioneer Santa Barbara auto mechanic.)

"Down in Santa Barbara most all of the population got out in the street around us inside half an hour while we had dinner. While an early believer in the automobile I could not see the 20,000,000 automobiles that are in the United States today. When people asked me if I thought such a machine as a horseless carriage would come into use I used to say: 'Sure, just as soon as you make the roads as hard and smooth as a billiard table.' They said they did not see how that could be done as it would cost \$10,000 to \$50,000 a mile. I said that I did not see either but there would not be much doing in mud, sand and poor roads. While the cost of this San Marcos road has been immense, it seems that cost doesn't stop progress anymore, that's why you have this road today."

(The new road of 1926 bore little resemblance to the boulevard of today.)



(2) COAST TO COAST IN 73 DAYS, 1903

From Pasadena Star News, January 23, 1929

"It was in 1903 that Mr. Whitman of Pasadena and E. I. Hammond of Riverside, Calif., made the trip from coast to coast in an Oldsmobile runabout of five horse-power in 73 days elapsed time.

"Here, in part, is how the Boston Journal tells about the journey of the Californians:

"The first transcontinental party of automobilists that has ever reached Boston came into the city yesterday morning. They made the trip in a light five horsepower gasoline machine in eleven weeks, the actual running time being forty-seven and a half days.

"Only two men have ever made the trip across the continent by auto previous to these and they came only as far as New York. Hammond and Whitman started out with the intention of making a record and though they lost the running time to New York by one-half day, they intend to establish a record by being the first to reach Boston and Portland.

"The machine which carried the two tourists was a little 800 pound one. Early in the summer H. Nelson Jackson, a Vermont doctor, made the trip from San Francisco to New York in a twenty horsepower Winton, his running time being 45 days. A little later E. T. Fetch went over the same ground in a twelve horsepower Packard.

Real Adventure

"In the story of their trip, the Californians said they had the most adventurous time of their lives, having encountered some very peculiar experiences. They were held up by a flood for nine days in Nevada, lost six days previous to that on account of impassable roads due to heavy rains, drove a party of Indians frantic one night by coming upon them in the darkness, broke down in the desert one day thirty miles from the nearest settlement, had experiences with five rattlesnakes, killed one small chicken and narrowly escaped running over half a dozen pigs.

"The most difficulty was encountered in Nevada and Wyoming," said Mr. Whitman in relating his story of the trip yesterday. "For 600 miles in Nevada and 400 miles in Wyoming there were no roads at all and in the Rockies and Sierra Nevada mountains we had a pretty hard time of it, too. As we got along toward the Mississippi we encountered rains and the condition of the roads was such that it delayed us six days."

Returned in Franklin

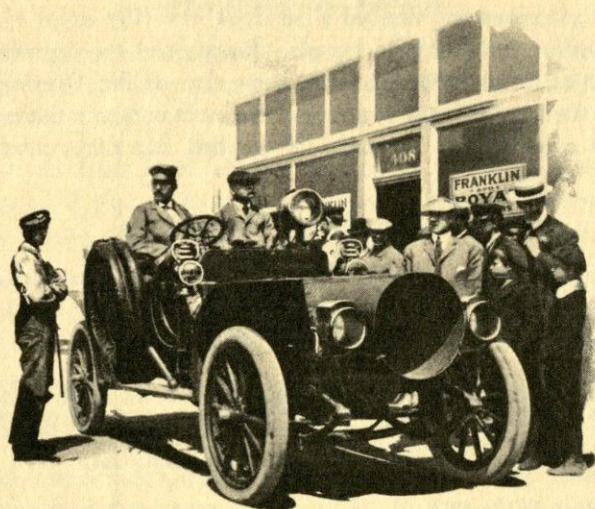
"On the return trip across the continent, Mr. Whitman and Mr. Hammond clipped five days off the previous record in a Franklin four of thirty horsepower."

* * * * *

(Whitman suspected that some of his competition had carried their cars over muddy ground by train.)

Halfway on a long trip of adventure last spring, I parked my car at North Platte, Neb. and read his 1906 brochure. It was both a grinding ordeal and a thrilling adventure.

Whitman and Hammond had driven a Franklin from east to west in half the time of the first race. In 1906 with three assistants and driving a new Franklin six, Whitman tried again.—H.M.B.



(3) ACROSS AMERICA IN A FRANKLIN, 1906

From Mr. Whitman's narrative in 1929

"We took off the tonneau; substituted a large hamper; carried a steamer-trunk to hold clothing; an extra gasoline tank, two extra tires, five inner tubes, an extra set of batteries, extra brake-band, some sparkplugs, bag of tools; sacks of bolts, nuts and small parts; an axe, a shovel, pulley-block, two stout hickory poles and 150 feet of rope — and thereby hangs the tale.

A Bad Start

"Carris, Harris, Bates, Daley and Yours Motorfully undertook to do the honors; Bates and I taking the car for the first relay to Summit Station in the Sierras; Carris and Daley going on to there by train.

"From the six-million dollar wreck that was once the San Francisco City Hall, we traveled through 2400 acres of pathetic waste, relieved by inspiring evidences that the New San Francisco will be greater than the old.

"Rolling down Market Street at the start we met Mayor Schmitz, who shook hands with us and gave us 'Good-bye and good luck' — which we certainly didn't strike at the start; for the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers were all over the easy four or five-hour road from Oakland to Sacramento; and instead of going this way we had to ferry all the way to Stockton — which put us ten hours to the bad at the very start.

"From Stockton we skimmed through sixty miles of wheat fields to Sacramento in just two hours.

"In the afternoon we climbed a hundred and fifty miles of mountain; through beautiful fruit-country, big pine forests and twenty miles of rocky ledges; reaching Summit Station at the same time as the 'Overland Limited,' which made the hundred-mile run on smooth rails only two hours faster than the Franklin came up the 150 miles of crooked and rocky mountain road.

Dropping Down the Sierras

"Bates and I sought the solace which a dining-car grants; while Carris and Daley took the Franklin and plunged off down the 1200 feet drop in the first mile, toward Donner Lake.

"They ran from 7:40 in the evening until 6 the next evening, except for the time that they were digging themselves out of the desert sand, salt marsh or the hub-deep alkaline shore of Humboldt Lake.

In the Humboldt Sink, as it is called, the hard top crust kept breaking through and letting them down into the quicksands; so that at one point they could only go seventeen miles in seven hours. Yet the motor did not overheat. No heavy car could have made any headway at all along this route.

Ten Hours Without Water

"They lost one canteen, and the other sprung a leak so that they were 10 hours on the burning sands of Humboldt Sink without a drop of water. And when they rolled into Lovelock they carried the most capacious thirst that ever was packed on a motor-car.

"And there was I a'waiting at the trough — in a nearby restaurant.

"The Franklin also was ready for twenty gallons of gasoline and altogether we had a brief but joyous tank-fest before piling into the machine — all four of us, and pulling out at 7 p.m. across the State of Nevada.

"Later on we dropped this State behind; and we think of offering a liberal reward to the finder for leaving it just where it is.

"There isn't a lake or river in the whole big State that has an outlet in summer. Every stream sinks into the sand or evaporates under the six months of cloudless sun. The sand burns your feet through leather shoes. On the railroad track you can cook an egg in the sun. Yet at night under the sparkling stars you need a blanket to keep warm.

"The sun has the despicable early-rising habit; gets up red-eyed and ugly; looks you flat in the face, and says — 'I'll make it hot for you today!'

Bumping the Bumps

"From Mill City we bumped for thirty miles over the railway sleepers. If you want to know why, go out there and take a look at the situation — we took the easiest way.

"About midnight we got off the track to get out of the way of two fast trains and went to bed on the sand until they had passed. Then we were on again, gone again, bump again, Finnegan — to Winnemucca, arriving at 2:30 A.M.

A Roadless Way

"For six hundred miles of this country there is no real road. The early trail in these regions was made by the first adventurer driving where nature offered the least resistance; the next followed this track and so the trail was formed. But, when this became washed into deep ruts by heavy rains, instead of rebuilding the trail, another would be formed in similar fashion; and that in turn abandoned.

"I have seen five sets of trails paralleling each other, all impassable but the last — and that was not a boulevard. Anything that a wagon-axle will slide over is considered good enough. Only our high ground-clearance made it possible for us to get along.

"For a thousand miles the country is a destitute, barren desert waste with no forests and few streams. Only burning sand, sagebrush and dazzling alkali flats.

"At Winnemucca, Carris took the train for Elko; Daley took to bed in a hotel; the Franklin took gasoline and oil — dug up by an obliging freight-agent — and Harris and I took ourselves off through the night, reaching Golconda in the early streaks of dawn. This sounds very romantic; but it is certainly the Gol-condest hottest place on the map.

"At Battle Mountain Bates met us with more gasoline and a guide to show us the next twenty-five miles of blind trail.

Ditches and Washouts

"Reached Elko at 2:30 P.M. and gave the car up to Carris and Bates, who next showed up at Ogden, Utah, at 2 P.M., the following day, having passed clear around Salt Lake over some very bad roads. They encountered one big dry washout. And the heavy rains had left ditches from two to six feet deep. It took a great deal of time crossing these ditches at the best points. And at many places the machine was terribly racked.

"This continuous severe punishment must have gradually weakened the rear driving axle; for within twenty-four hours it suddenly gave way, from no apparent cause.

"This held us up twenty-eight solid hours while we sent to Cheyenne for a new rear axle. When it came, we took about ten minutes putting it in . . .

Weber Canyon

"Carris and Bates stood on the far bank of the last ford like a couple of welcoming angels, gasoline in one hand and breakfast in the other . . .

'Water-cooling' with a Vengeance

"They leaped into 'the saddle' and disappeared in a cloud of dust, getting their next drink in four feet of water over the tops of the tires, in the middle of the 'Big Muddy' an hour later.

"Even Franklin engineering isn't at its best under water. The nearest team was at Green River twenty miles away; so after a few wireless 'hellegraphy' which failed to 'carry' the twenty miles, they got out their hickory sticks and pried their craft ashore inch by inch.

"They had to draw the water out of the engine-base; bore a hole and let the water out of the battery box; empty their shoes and wring their legs before proceeding. The engine started right away again as soon as it got its nose above water!

"All the streams were higher this summer than usual on account of last winter's heavy snow-fall. And we were stuck or hampered by mud a good deal of the way.

An Awful Fix

"Between Red Desert and Rawlins, Wyo., we tried to cross the bed of a creek on a slippery clay bottom; but, although we put sage-brush down to make a track, our wheels would not take hold. We went to a station two and one-half miles away for help; and about fifty men came and pulled us out.

"But after getting out, there was only gasoline enough to run two and one-half miles. Then we bought some kerosene and ran seventeen miles on kerosene to Rawlins — which speaks volumes for the Franklin carburetor. I don't believe there's another carburetor that would run that distance on kerosene.

"At Rawlins we got gasoline; left in an hour; rain to the Laramie River — which we forded; made Laramie at 2 A.M. and waited till daylight for more gasoline.

"We reached Cheyenne at 11 A.M. the same day, August 9th. At Sherman we reached our highest elevation, 8000 feet.

"We replaced a spring, one of whose leaves had slipped out; left Cheyenne at noon, and after traveling 240 miles, arrived at North Platte, Nebraska, 3 A.M., August 10th.

A Bad Spill

"They passed Cleveland twenty-four hours out of Chicago; and the old record began to look sick.

"But pride goeth before a spill: About eleven o'clock at night nearly up to the Pennsylvania line, thirty-two miles west of Erie, while sailing along at almost forty miles an hour on a fine stretch of road, they swung around a curve too short to hold; missed an iron bridge by twenty feet; plunged down a steep bank into the creek; crashed into a stone abutment on the opposite bank — and the car stopped!

"The guide on the steamer-trunk pointed the way over the treetops in a graceful arc for fifty feet or so, into a friendly mud-puddle.

"He was the first to show up uninjured. Carris sprained his ankle and bumped the front of his intellect; Harris wrenched his knee. Otherwise they were all right.

"It is certainly true that people born to be electrocuted will never be killed in a motor car smash.

"When 3150 pounds of automobile running like a fast express jumps into a bank of rock there are apt to be some proceedings to report. Front-axle, springs, steering-post, lamp and front mud-guards did not exactly look wealthy; but they were certainly better off.

"The engine was in perfect running order. The wood-sills were all whole; except the tip of one, where the lamps bolt on; rear-axle all right, but one wheel had its spokes slightly sprung. The hamper hung out over one wheel, and the gasoline tank was aleak.

"We towed the wreck back to Conneaut, Ohio, and took thirty-six hours getting machine and invalids patched up and on the road again.

"Leaving Conneaut 11 P.M. Aug. 15 we ran through Erie to Buffalo.

Coming Under the Wire

"Allowing for the difference in time, we made the trip from San Francisco to New York in 15 days, 2 hours, 12 minutes. We brought along with us the record from Buffalo to New York in 23 hours.

"Then followed loud demoniac yells, red fire, a procession to Hotel Astor, fizz, bouquets — literal and figurative, a real bed and sweet oblivion.

"The fifteen days of broken sleep were beginning to show and one of the boys was so foolish as to attempt a bath before retiring; the consequence was that he fell asleep in the bath-tub; soaked five hours, and when he woke up the water was cold and the sun shining in the window.

A Hundred Miles of Mud

"We put on our tire-chains here; and we needed them; for along the North Platte we found a hundred miles of mud. I do not mean a hundred miles deep, for after a good rain it is deeper than that, but a hundred miles long in one solid stretch. And at times the mud flew twenty feet high as we skated along.

"Equal parts of corn, hog and black mud are the recipe for this part of Nebraska after a rain. And they are all rich and fat. I wish I owned a Nebraska farm.

"We waltzed and slid and 'swung partners' all over this territory; occasionally landing in ditches and plunging into barb-wire fences.

"You hear a lot about gentle Mother Earth and her kindness toward man; but when you've traveled a few thousand miles through floods, mud, sand, alkali, and gumbo, you come to think this maternal benevolence is altogether too strenuous and sticky; and that a good man-made road beats nature all to pieces.

"At Kearney, dry roads appeared again and we made the dust fly across three hundred miles of the finest farming land in the world.

"We pulled the switch-plug at Omaha 12 midnight; having left North Platte at 4 A.M. — that's going some!

Chicago in Less than Eleven Days

"We came into Chicago in 10 days and 21 hours from San Francisco. The best previous record, made by Carris and myself in 1904, was 25 days. The next best, made in a water-cooled car, was 50 days.

"Up to this point we had not touched a wrench to the engine except to change a few spark-plugs.

"We put on new tires here solely for the purpose of beating the Chicago-to-New York record. They were not needed to finish the trip.

"We tightened up the crank and connecting-rod bolts a little; and Daley and Bates got away from Chicago at 10 P.M., Aug. 12. At daylight they were half way to Toledo.

"Harris, Carris and I met them there at noon the next day; and those two undertook to drive to Erie, Pa.

Some Interesting Lessons

"Well, what did we do; and what did we find out after all?

"We did pretty near all that a motorist *can* do, except get himself killed. And it wasn't our fault that we stopped at that."

* * * * *

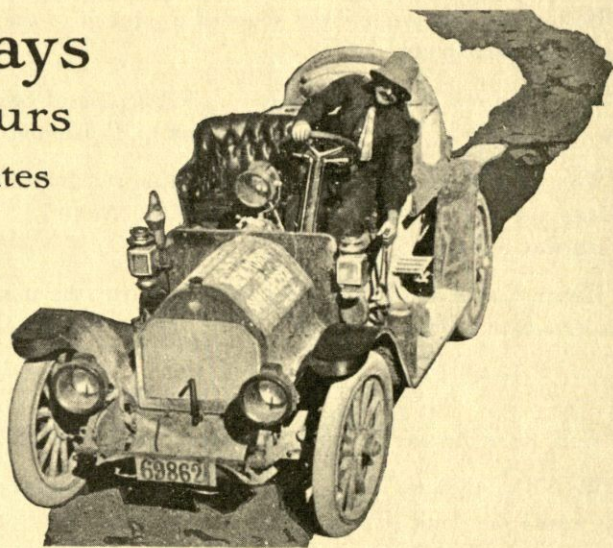
Here again they had cut the time in half.

Whitman's native wit combined with Yankee ingenuity helped keep things on an even keel.

Anyone whose touring started in the twenties on dirt roads can tell his own adventure stories. My grandfather preferred Franklins and my first ride in an enclosed car was in his 1926 Franklin. It happened to be a cold day with a brisk wind making the experience memorable.—H.M.B.



10 days
15 hours
13 minutes



(4) COAST TO COAST IN A REO, 1910

In August 1910 with Hammond from his first race and three assistants, Whitman started from New York in a four cylinder Reo "thirty."

A card on the dash read, "Beat it while the going is good."

At Utica they replaced a spark plug and that was the only occasion when they touched the engine with a wrench.

In Indiana, Whitman went broadside into a ditch cracking the spokes in the rear wheel and bending the axle. They wired it up until finally they were replaced at Ogden.

At Reno they were advised to go via Carson City but they stuck to their route and made Donner Pass alright.

At the foot of Market St. in San Francisco they had beat the record by five days. They were met by a thousand automobile enthusiasts and a brass band.

After that race, Whitman began a career of touring in California and writing travel articles for "Touring Topics." Hopefully they were more relaxed — in the manner of his San Marcos trip.

Whitman does not indicate any special motive for his racing career although his praise for the Franklin and Reo as the real heroes would indicate some support from those companies. His real motive would have to be the barely definable *call to adventure* that carries one along without counting the cost either physical or financial.



*Reo arriving in San Francisco
August 18, 1910*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Henry McLaren Brown who gathered the material from many sources for this story of early American automobile record runs, will be remembered for his stirring narrative entitled "Crossing the Plains in 1862" as remembered by his grandmother, Juliette Walker Fish which we published in NOTICIAS in the summer of 1970. Mr. Brown's family was among the early settlers of Carpinteria. He is now a resident of Porterville, California.



Joseph Sexton surrounded by his large family before his home designed by Peter J. Barber.

JOSEPH SEXTON ESTABLISHES PAMPAS PLUME INDUSTRY

By Walker A. Tompkins

During the 1880s and 90s there was a heavy demand abroad for the fluffy white plumes of Argentinian pampas grass (*Gynarium argenteum*) to decorate parade horses, catafalques for state funerals, and for circuses, expositions and fairs.

The chief markets for pampas plumes were Hamburg, Berlin and London. The principal supplier of this exotic commodity did not come from Argentina, but from the Goleta Valley nursery of Joseph Sexton, whose Barber-built home still stands at 5494 Hollister Avenue.

Sexton obtained seeds of the rare plant from the skippers of clipper ships and planted his first clump in 1872, which became the parent of a thriving valley industry. Sexton discarded all off-color varieties and succeeded in propagating a platinum-white strain, capable of being dyed any color, which commanded premium prices in the European market.



Joseph Sexton and original Pampas plant

The plumes which Sexton sold did not resemble those seen on pampas grass clumps today. He learned that if he pulled the immature plumes from their sheaths and dried them in the sun, the male plumes remained as heavy as oat heads, whereas the female plumes, in the words of his latter-day biographer, "would fluff up and become gossamer-light and airy as wind-blown sea-spume."

In 1875 Sexton sent a shipment of pampas grass plumes to the wholesale flower market in San Francisco, and to the Peter Henderson Seed Company in New York, who ordered 600 plumes immediately to test out on the European market. This was the genesis of the pampas plume fad which created a lucrative agricultural sideline for Sexton.

Sexton's pampas plantation was east of San Jose Creek and north of Hollister Avenue. Five thousand "hills" were planted in rows 16 feet apart. Each hill produced from 80 to 150 prime plumes annually.

Autumn was plume-harvesting time. Sexton hired twenty Chinese coolies, whom he housed in a bunkhouse in the rear of 5410 Hollister Avenue, to cut the plumes with long-handled pruning hooks manufactured by Goleta blacksmiths for the purpose.

The plumes were then loaded on flat-bed wagons and hauled to an open-air husking shed located near Robert Seaton's home of today. Here a crew of women and girls slit the green husks and pulled out the immature plumes.

The husks were used for fertilizer; the plumes were carried to three large drying fields which are now the playground of the St. Rafael parochial school, and spread out in long double rows to cure under the September sun for three days. Once a day the Chinese crews would jog along the rows, turning and fluffing the plumes — back-breaking stoop labor which no Occidental would do. The Chinese worked for \$25 a month and found.

The dried plumes were tightly compressed in 300-pound bales and shipped to New York from the Southern Pacific's Goleta freight depot, located in what is now a George Cavalletto lemon grove east of Welch and Ryce's Goleta mortuary on Ward Drive.

At first, Sexton received \$200 per thousand for his plumes FOB New York. Prices declined gradually, until 1886 when sales dipped to \$30 per thousand, although the prices revived two years later to \$60.

Sexton exported 500,000 plumes annually between 1890 and 1895 when the pampas fad was at its peak on the Continent. Sexton plumes were used to cover the spectacular State Street arches for the first Battle of the Flowers pageant staged in 1891 to honor a visit from President Benjamin Harrison.

As the fad declined in Europe, Sexton gradually phased out his pampas grass operation, quitting in 1895. Other local farmers, including George M. Williams and C. C. Tinker, continued in the pampas grass business until 1900. There was also a major pampas plantation on Kate Den Bell's ranch at Storke Road and Hollister Avenue where the Two Guys discount store is now located.

Pampas grass in what horticulturists call "maverick" form still grows throughout the State and is widely used as windbreaks and decorative landscaping for divider strips on state freeways.

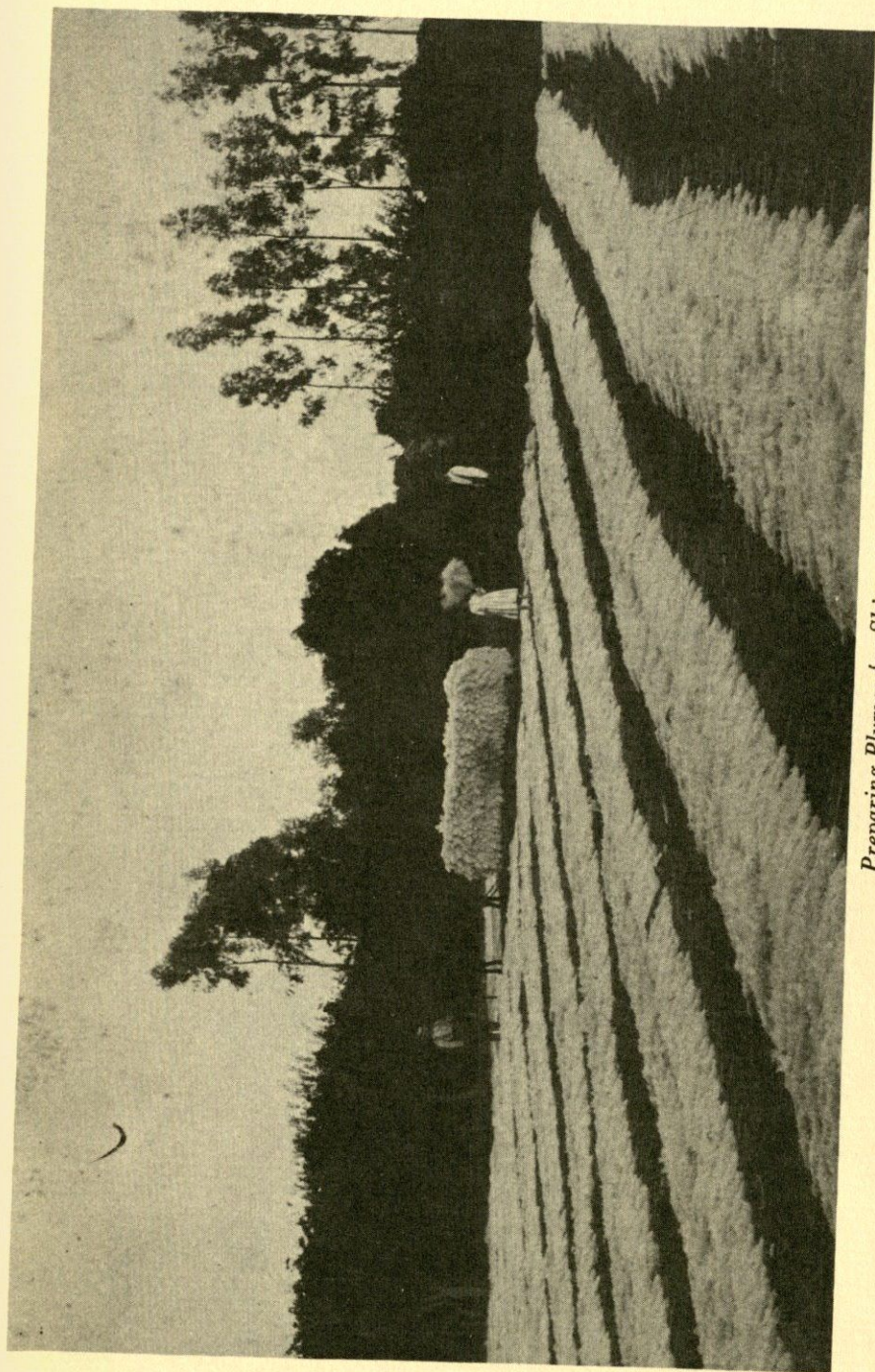
Sexton, who died in 1917, did considerable pioneer experimenting with avocados, traveling to Hawaii to do research into the "alligator pear." Perhaps his most important contribution to the economy of the Goleta Valley and the state at large, however, was his development of the "Santa Barbara Soft-Shell" walnut, started from 60 seedlings first planted on the site of Pershing Park in 1869. He was also the nurseryman who introduced the rare Norfolk Island (star) pine to Santa Barbara in 1874.



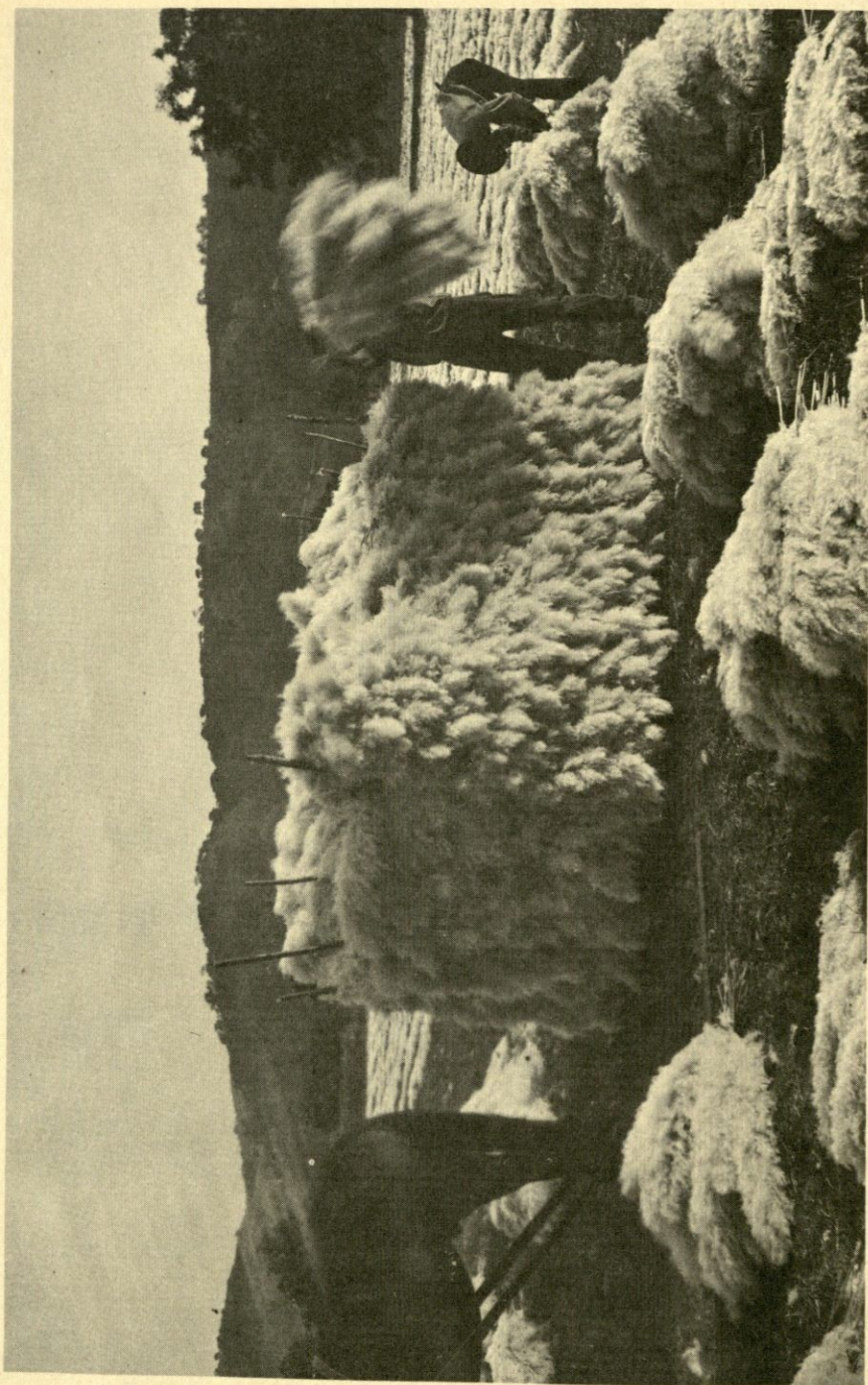
Curing Pampas Plumes



Pampas Plumes on Drying Field



Preparing Plumes for Shipment



Gathering Plumes After Drying



P. J. Barber,

Through an oversight this portrait of Peter J. Barber, famed Santa Barbara architect, was omitted from the Fall issue of Noticias. We are happy to include it here for the record.

NEW MEMBERS

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Ms. Ann R. Morley

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Mr. Lewis N. Paul

Mrs. Philip H. Stephens

Mr. John P. Thompson

Robinson Letters to the De la Guerras

Alfred Robinson came to California in 1829 as Supercargo aboard the first ship of Bryant, Sturgis & Company of Boston to engage in the hide and tallow trade. He remained here to become one of the State's most highly respected and influential businessmen. In 1835 he married the daughter, Ana Maria (Anita) of Captain Jose de la Guerra y Noriega, story poignantly told by Richard Henry Dana in his book "Two Years Before the Mast".

In the Santa Barbara Historical Society Museum there is on display, in a glass case immediately beneath a painting of Don Jose de la Guerra, the letter written by Robinson asking the Captain for his daughter's hand in marriage. Also displayed is Ana Maria's wedding dress and other personal belongings.

This letter, written in Spanish, is the first in a series of letters written by Robinson to the De la Guerra family between the years 1834 and 1873 and now translated and annotated by Father Maynard Geiger, OFM, archivist at the Old Mission and published as a 68-page book by the Zamorano Club of Los Angeles and printed by the Ward Ritchie Press under the title: *The Letters of Alfred Robinson to the De la Guerra Family*. For this limited edition (only 300 copies were printed) 200 were made available to the members of the Zamorano Club, and of the balance a few copies were sold to collectors and libraries through Whitney Genns of Santa Barbara.

Robinson's own classic book entitled: "Life in California" originally published in New York in 1846, has gone through a number of printings and in 1970 was brought out as an attractive paperback by the Peregrine Press of Santa Barbara and Salt Lake City. Included in this edition also, is Father Boscana's *Chinigchinich*, being an historical account of the origin, customs and traditions of the Indians of Alta California.

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Contributions to the Society are tax exempt.

Mailing Address:

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